Parnaſſus Aboriens:

OR,

SOME SPARKES OF Poeſie.

By *R. W. Philomuſ.*

Ovid: Triſt: 5. Eleg: 1:

Hic quoque talis erit, qualis fortuna Poetæ,
Invenies toto Carmine dulce nihil.

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ITER ORIENTALE:

Performed in Aprill, 1662.

A *Templar*, who had's *Littleton* diſſolv'd,
Eaten his *Cook*, &'s *Kitchin* pawn'd, reſolv'd
To take the aire, and for his recreation
To grant his broken window's a vacation.
Leaving his fellow-Students for to eat
Their wheaten Trenchers in the ſtead of Meat:
The only *heyrlome* that's traduc't from (*a*) thoſe
Trojans, which they their anceſtors ſuppoſe.
But firſt to *Lealbare'a* goes, where he
Was wont to meet with the *Fraternitie*.
There found a Draper, who his ſhop had drunk,
And truſted all his Wares unto a Punk.
Him he engag'd for *ſympathy* of ſtate
As convoy, to encounter ſim'lar fate.
And, ſee the ſtrange concurrence of their wiſh,
He, in his own, his friends deſire fulfills.
As courtlike Gallants uſe to doe, he meant
To wait upon a Lady into *Kent*
Then there in company, a pretty woman,
For diſpoſit'on coy, and yet not common.
Well, time's prefixed, and we all provide
To take advantage of the morning tyde.

(*a*) Conſumptis hic forte aliis, ut vertere morſus
Exiguam in Cererem penuria adegit edendi:
Et violare manu, malisque audacibus orbem
Fatalis crusti, patulis nec parcere quadris. *Virg: Æn: 7.*

Thus ſuffrages agreeing the debate
Was ended, and we p rt for it grew late.
Next morn' the Lady (who receiv'd a ſhot
O'er night by th' *Paph'an Archer*, but knew not
From whence it came, for th' ſubtile boy did lye
Behind the Sable Curtains of an Eye.
Yet th' ſymptomes were ſo poignant, that they broke
Morpheus his le den locks and burſt his yoak.)
As ſoon as *Phoſpher* had his courſe begun
Aroſe and did anticip te the un:
Haſtens to th' meetingplace, and there attends
Th' pproach of her deſiderated friends.
At l ſt, but not ſo ſoon as ſhe deſir'd,
With longing expect tion well near tyr'd,
Through the Tralucent-glaſs ſhe did eſpye
The *blind Whore's Footbal's* doom'd for company.
Her ſurly p ſs ons being thus appe s d
O res were at hand, to waft us when we pleas'd,
To *Belins gate*, nd now twas time for *Thames*,
By th' help of th retrogade aſpiring ſtreams,
Was at his *Zenith*, and would quickly wend
Along with th' Paſſ ge-boat towards *Graves-end*.
So off we thrun and ſtem the watry tract
But 't ſeems the Watermen were not exact
In calculat'on : for before we can
Arrive at th' *Key* from th' almoſt *ſinging Swan*,
The Water ebb'd ſo f ſt, the *Graveſend* boat
Was put from th' ſt irs riding along afloat.
And we, bec uſe the *Barge* was gone before's,
Were well content to truſt our ſelves in Oares.

So

So down we haſted, and they'd quickly born's
With a ſide winde beyond the Cuckold's hornes.
But from that port, ſcarce halfe a mile had went,
Before the *Reaches* grew more turbulent.
So that the boat with lofty *ſalutation*,
Struck fear in ſome, in others a vexation;
Becauſe ſome fear'd, and th' Lady was full loath
To lye invelop'd in the courſe Tilt-cloath.
Such is the nature of timidity
Though ſeeing caus'd it, yet ſhe lov'd to ſee.
At laſt a long-wing'd *Pinnace*, which was bound
For ſome remoter bay, did more aſtound.
The luſty lazy lubbers ceaſe to row,
And, having leave a little way to tow,
Croſs'd o'er to meet their *Scyph*, and here appears
Their utmoſt skill, and our extreameſt feares
For, had we gone too faſt our boat had ſplit,
Too ſlow, we could not have o'ertaken it.
Thus in a ſtrange *Dilemma* we avoid
Scyll' and *Charybdis* and to th' boat are ty'd.
And now with Eaglewinged ſpeed we plow
The watry ridges, and can ſcarce tell how
We are ſo faſt tranſported, but at laſt
Their Sails begin to flag, and we as faſt
Releaſe our prow which was faſt bound to them,
And truſt to th' mercy of a raging ſtream.
Which ſometimes throws us up into the Sky,
And ſometimes lets us fall to hell well nigh.
Meanwhile we lye ſupinely on our backs,
One laughs, one ſings, another fears a Wrack:

And therefore her ejaculat'ons ſends
To the *ſupreme Director* to defend's;
And ſo he did indeed, at laſt we land
All ſafe on the long wiſh'd-for *Kentiſh ſtrand.*
And here the *Lyon* is the word, where we
Turn'd off *Canary*-bowls with jollitie.
Thus after ſtorms of ſighs, and ſhowres of tears,
Joy, when it comes, moſt joviall appears.
But th'clock ſtrikes One, and fourteen miles to ride,
'Tis time for thoſe to goe that want a guide.
But ye're moſt vile Exactors that ye are,
Five ſhillings for a double horſe ſo farre?
What is the reaſon that ye thus exact,
'Bove other Engliſhmen in each compact?
Is't cauſe thoſe Travellors which touch your border,
May be deterred from proceeding farther?
Or that *Exoticks* which are outward bound,
May have cauſe to forſwear the Engliſh ground?
Hereby you verifie thoſe (*a*) imputations
Impos'd upon's of old by foreign Nations.
But we're for *Rocheſter*, where we ſurvay
The ſtately Bridge, and *Chatham's royall* Bay.
And 'mongſt the reſt the *Crown* mu'nt be forgot,
Where we muſt needs alight and drink a pot.
There we are ſhew'd the Room which did contain
The Majeſty of *Britain's* Soveraign:
And the great Bed he lay in as he went
Towards his Throne from direfull baniſhment.

(*a*) Viſam Britannos hoſpitibus feros. *Hor: Car:* 3. *Od:* 4.

But

But we ſoon mount again, and fix our ſtation
Nigh th'*Ham* to which frogs give denomination.
Next day we traverſe the enamel'd Fields,
And view the rarities *Pomona* yeilds.
Walk thoſe *Quincunc'all* Cherry-orchards round,
From *Stroma* to the *hoary-Rock* renown'd.
Able to glut *Voluptas* with delight,
And dull old *Avariti*'s appetite.
'Tis with exub'rant ſweets ſo well endow'd,
That, maugre oppoſit'on, I'll conclude
Kent is old *Alb'on*'s *Eden* for delight,
And his *Heſperides* for all but ſite.
But what is this that thus diſturbs my reſt?
Sure *Love* hath taken *Seiſin* of my breaſt.
Celarent's Prodroma and I muſt be
Subjugated in ſigne of ſlavery.
Ah poor *Medea*, how I (*a*) pitty thoſe
Whoſe reaſon doth their love, like (*b*) thine, oppoſe!
But I ſubmit old boy, and will ſit ſtill
Let *Hymen* and the ſiſters work their will.
By this time *Phœbus* Patron of the Bayes
Unlock'd the *Daiſy* five times with his rayes.
Soe we returne again, and take no care
Who muſt defray the *fundling* bill of fare.

(*a*) Non ignara mali, miſeris ſuccurrere diſco. *Virg: Æn: 1.*
(*b*) Sed trahit invitam nova vis; aliudque Cupido,
Mens aliud ſuadet; video meliora proboque,
Deteriora ſequor —— *Ovid: Metam: 7.*

THE

THE CHRONICLE

INſulting *Anna* firſt poſſes't
Th' *Elective Empire* of my breaſt.
But ſhe ſtill kept me in ſuch ſlavery,
I could not long admit her tyranny:
So I dethron'd her, and a while
With her was monarchy exil'd.

For *Pegg* and *Sal* yeares three or foure
Rul'd by a *Conſulary* pow'r.
But yet I ſeemed well amended now,
For theſe indulgent Queens did but allow
Me too much freedome, which provok'd
My *Rebell-heart* to quit their yoak.

Then reign'd *Elizabeth* the firſt
That bears that name, and moſt accurſt.
For all the priviledges that were done
By her for me were by compulſion.
And what man is there but believes
The will enhanceth what one gives.

Then *Beſſe* the ſecond bore the ſway,
Untill the helme was pluck't away
Out of her hand by the admired *Anne*,
Though not the firſt yet *ſecond* unto none.
And ſhe had reigned untill now
But that the *Fates* would not allow.

Then

Then did deposed *Besse* arise
And first began to tyrannize.
Intending, but she was deceiv'd, thereby
To frowne a Rebell into loyalty.
For *ANNE* the third possest the chair
Whom God grant *Atr'pos* long may spare.

Upon a Kisse.

Dialogue

Sylvanus. *Cupid.*

Syl. I Pre'thee *Cupid* tell me this,
What pleasure is there in a kisse?
I've kis's'd our *Mopsa*'s lips, but ne'er
Could find one jot of sweetnesse there.

Cup. Poor silly swain 't no wonder is
Thou could'st not taste that subtile bliss.
Tis sublimated farre above
All sense but what's inspir'd by *Love.*

Syl. I cannot chuse but laugh to see
A boy fraught with such subtilty.
To make's believe such sweets there dwell
Which nought but Ignorance can tell.

Cup. Peace daring mortall rul'd by sense,
Blaspheme not mine omnipotence.
Least with this shaft, my thunder, I
Do burne thee for thy *Hæresy.*

Syl.

Sylv. Alas blind boy do'n't think that I
Regard thy weak Artillery.
Goe, ſhoot at Sparrows not at Hearts
Mine here defyes thy ſharpeſt darts.

Cup. This bowe made *Phæbus* yeild to me,
And now, raſh youth, it ſhall wound thee.——
Now goe and ſee if thou can'ſt taſt
The ſweets of Lovers chiefe repaſt.

Novembris. 16.

Sylv. I've been and ſeen and taſted more
Than e'er I could diſcerne before.
And now conclude no pow'r's above
That *Oecumenick Monarch, Love*.

Such kiſſes (*a*) *Erycina* gave
To *Jove* her father, when ſhe'd crave
A reſpite for her wandring boy
Eſcaping from the flames of *Troy*.

Nor were her nameſake's ought behind
By th' Lovers *Alchymy* refin'd.
The *Magiſter all* (*b*) *Quinteſſence*
Of (*c*) ſuavity and Innocence.

(*a*) Oſcula libavit natæ.——*Virg: Ænead*. 1.
(*b*) Non voluptuoſum ſicut *Suavium*, nec religioſum tantum velut *Oſculum*, nec fictitium tanquam *Baſium*, nec laſcivum uti Μανδάλωτον, ſed *Quinta quædam eſſentia* hiſce omnibus climatior.
(*c*) Ἐστι καὶ καὶ κενεοῖσι φιάμασιν ἁδέα τέρψις. *Theoc*: Εἰδ. 28

And

And now the Heptarchs of the skyes
With us did ſeem to ſympathize.
The *King of Poets* and the *Queen*
Of Love were in (*a*) conjunct'on ſeen.

Hence, by a Prædeſigne of Fate,
Her *Or'entality* beares date.
And my *Ianthe* ſhines to me
As bright a *Morning-ſtar* as ſhe.

Chorus. Let Rebels now his rule diſclaim,
For my part I *Love*'s *Liegeman* am:
And henceforth *Orthodox* will be
In worſhipping his Deity.
Obeying his *Poppœan law*
Which keeps the Univerſe in awe.

(*a*) Nov. 16. Hor. 8. ☉ and ♀ in Conjunction from whence ſhe became Oriental.———

The Paralell.

LEt Nature's *Cabaliſts* explore the cauſe
That Ignivomous mount' hath ſtop'd his jawes,
Who with his often eruct'ons hurl'd,
Such flames as us'd to terrify the world.
Thoſe ſubterran'an fires, though there at reſt,
Have broken out, I feel, within my breaſt.
My heart is now *Veſuvius*, that flame
Wherein I broyl, proves *Vulcan* is not lame.
Here *Sirius* ſtill reigns, nor can I find
The leaſt abatement by *Etes'an* wind. That

That ſeeming *Amphitheatre*, where eye
Ne'er ſaw ought perſonate but *Vacancy*,
Is here becom the real place where lyes
Both Scene and Stage of my long Tragedies
By *Erycina* acted; and beneath
Her Statue's fix't crown'd with a victors wreath.
But here we differ, that fire us'd to be
Kindled to bode ſome dire *Cataſtrophe*:
And ſo was tranſient, or did admit
Reſpite for want of ſtuff to cheriſh it.
But theſe great Conflagrations which I
Endure (alaſs) do ſtill receive ſupply
Of Fuel to augment them, while the ſame
Proves both Incendiary, and the flame.

Upon the *Ides* of *March*.

Onomaſticon.

PEruſing my old Kalend r, I find
This day to great (*a*) *Perenna*'s feaſt aſſign'd:
Which hard by *Tyber*'s banks was wont to be
Celebrated with much ſolemnity.
But ſith their *Flamins* left it in ſuſpence
Who 'twas did merit ſuch preeminence,
Whether the *Moon*, *Themis*, *Eliſa*'s ſiſter,
Or her *Jove* made a Cow becauſe he kiſs'd her.
I hope I may without offence apply't
To one that more deſerves that Epithet.

(*a*) Idibus eſt Annæ feſtum geniale perennæ,
Haud procul a ripis, advena Tybri, tuis. *Ovid: Faſt:* 3.

For

For all our *Druids* have long ſince forſook
Theſe Woods wherein they once ſuch pleaſure took.
And no Remayns can ſhew what *Rituals*
Serv'd at theſe antiquated Feſtivals.
Here then I'll ſit, and in my fancy raiſe
A Fane for *Erycina*'s ann'all praiſe.
Wherein our *Oreads* and *Hamadryads*,
Our Seagreen *Nereids*, and our clearskin'd *Naiads*,
Shall yearly the new *Operas* recite
As was the cuſtome in the (*a*) former rite,
Then 'tſhall appear *Ianthe* doth excell
The famous goſſip of our *Buxton well.*
Then *Decio* ſhall be in more repute
Than ſhe that *Malta*'s *Knights* did inſtitute.
She that taught Ladies firſt to ride aſide
Shall be by *Amaranta* then outvy'd.
And *Polyonoma* more right ſhall ſhew,
Then any other can pretend, thereto.
Then future ages may perhaps believe
The yeare, to which ſhe Etymon doth give,
Hence took (*b*) beginning: While my Muſe ſhall do
Her beſt to make this *Anne Perenna* too.
And I will unto nothing elſe aſpire
But ſo much happineſs as not t'(*c*) admire.

(*a*) Illic & cantant, quicquid didicere Theatris. *Ovid: Faſt. 3.*
(*b*) Nec mihi parva fides annos hinc ire priores
Anna quod hoc cœpta eſt menſe Perenna coli. *Id: Ibid.*
(*c*) Nil admirari, prope res eſt una, Numici,
Solaq; quæ poſſit facere & ſervare beatũ *Hor: lib: 1. Ep: 6.*

To Idonea

Upon her diſtruſt of his conſtancy.

CAn *Fiſhes* live i'th' aire? can *Eagles* creep
Along the caverns of the raging deep?
Can *Salamanders* change their *Element*?
Or can the lean *Camel'on* break up Lent,
Uſurp old *Amphitrite*'s proper ward,
And feed o'th' Nobles of the ſcaly herd?
Can *Rivers* loſe their way, and backward run
Unto the Fountains where their Streams begun?
Can *Rocks* forget their ponderoſity,
And ſoare like atomes in the azure Sky?
Can *Bladders* ſound the *Cataracts* of *Nile*,
Or the abyſſe of *Canacus* his hill?
Can th' *Needle* turne to th' South? Can *Magnets* fly
From Iron by innate antipathy?
Can th' *Orbes* oth' *Planets* ceaſe? Can fixt Stars fall,
And lye like *Briſtol-Diamonds* on this ball?
Can *Fire* deſcend? Can *Water* ſcale the cliff
Of *Athos*, or aſpiring *Tenariff*?
Can th' *Earth* turne fluid, and expoſe to view
Her weighty treaſure like the pearly dew?
Can *Aire* condens'd grow ponderous, and flit
Unto the Centre as it's proper ſeat?
Can *Nature* abrogate thoſe lawes which ſhe
Confirm'd to laſt to perpetuity?
If ſo, you have ſome cauſe to deem that I
Apoſtatize from vow'd fidelity. Oh

Oh no, my Deare, that wound, which in my heart
The winged boy made with his golden dart,
Is not ſo ſuperficial to admit
Abſence or objects for to pall'ate it;
Much leſs recure, what ev'ry SIGHT of thee
Doth bruiſe, and every WORD doth ſcarify.
What ev'ry TOUCH doth venome and make ſwell,
What ev'ry KISSE doth make incurable. (ſqueeze
What will't be then, when th'(a) *Black-ey'd Queen* ſhall
Into our cups the QUINTESSENCE of theſe?
That (b) fifth part of her *Nectar*? Which may I
And thou long drink without ſatiety.
For while that *Morta* deigns to ſpare my thred,
By all the pleaſures of thy Nupt'all bed
I will be thine, and common fairs deteſt,
And in this reſolution I REST, *&c.*

(a) —— ἐλικοβλέφαρον τ' Αφροδίτην. *Heſ.* in Θεογον.
(b) Quinta parte ſui Nectaris — *Hor: Carm:* 1. *Od:* 13.
Quinq; etenim ſunt partes amoris, *Aſpectus, Colloquiũ, Tactus, Oſculum, Concubitus,* dicticho illo Ovidiano complexa,
Ut præſens ſpectem Cingram, tangamque, loquarque.
Oſculaque admoveam, ſi nil conceditur ultra. *Metam:* 10.

An ELEGIE

Upon the death of the Incomparable Violiſt
FRANCES POLEWHEELE *deceaſed*
Aprill, 12. 1663.

BUT can'ſt thou goe great ſoul of Melody,
And not a *Bard* vouchſafe an *Elegy*?
No, that thou ſhalt not, from my blooming yeares
Accept this tribute of a *Siſter*'s tears. Me-

Methinks I ſee thee mount thy *Pedeſtal*,
And hear the *Organs* play the *Gradual*.
Methinks I ſee thee ſt ll poſſeſs thy chair
Running divis'on on thy *Lyd'an Aire*.
While the attentive croud amazed ſtand
At the *Aſpend'an* touches of thy hand.
Whereby more men to virtue thou didſt call
Than th' *Author* ſtones unto the *Theban* wall.
Had'ſt thou ſ yl'd to *Anticyra*, thou might'ſt——
Have play'd a *Motet* in divineſt rites.
They that went from thee diſcompos'd in ſpirit
Do *Pindar*'s heavy cenſure juſtly merit.
Thou mad'ſt inanimates extatick too,
Which *Orpheus*, nor *Arion*, ne'er could do.
Their *Agathon'an* lightneſs made them dance,
But thine put ev'ry tree into a trance.
Na, *Lacheſis* was ſo attentive grown
Unto thy part, that ſhe forgat her own.
And ſo through inadvertency ſhe left
Spinning, and wretch'd us of thee bereft.
Oh fatal Girle! had ſhe knowne what ſhe did
She would not have ſo ſoon put up thy thred.
Or had'ſt thou taken but thy Viol with thee,
Minos would have had nothing to ſay to thee.
That might the incorrupted bench have brib'd,
And forc'd the Judges to have thee repriv'd.
But now expoſtulat'ons are in vain,
No hopes my Muſe ſhall fetch thee back again.
Wherefore I'll dreyn the torrent of her eyes,
And leave the *Sphœres* to ſing thy obſequies.

To

To Erycina,

Upon her retirement to Norwich.

Madam,

SIth 'tis your pleaſure to deprive
Us of that influence by which we live,
Permit your poor *Devoto* to recount
To what his infœlicities amount.
Which, though they be as (*a*) numberleſs as true,
Are all ſumm'd up in this, his loſs of you
Who only are not heaven, whil'ſt his all
Of comfort left is that they're (*b*) Veniall.
When firſt mine eyes theſe hidden flames reveal'd,
Which, to increaſe my woes my tongue (*c*) conceal'd,
By miſconſtruction you did reprove
That ſilence which doth (*d*) magnify my love.
In modeſty diſtruſting that try'd dart
Your light'ning eye, which, though it pierc'd my heart,
Yet I was forc'd to love and to endure,
With confidence in *Telephus* his (*e*) cure.

(*a*) Fœlix qui patitur quæ numerare poteſt. *Ovid: Tr: 5. El: 1.*
(*b*) Quem fata cogunt, ille cum venia eſt miſer. *Sen: Hip: Act: 2*
(*c*) Eſt aliquid fatale malũ per verba levare. *Ov:* loc: præcit:
(*d*) Curæ leves loquuntur, ingentes ſtupent. *Sen: Hip: Ibid.*
Pervia dant vada plus murmuris, alta nihil. *Incert.*
(*e*) Vulnus in Herculeo quæ quondam fecerat hoſte
Vulneris auxiliũ Pelias haſta tulit. *Ovid: Rem: Amor: lib. 1.*
——Opuſq; meæ bis ſenſit Telephus haſtæ. *Idem: Metam: 12.*

But now that love, (alaſs) which us'd to be
Fed with his proper (a) food, by *Cachexy*
Lives onely on it's contrary deſpair
More ſubtle than the lean *Camel'on's* fare.
And yet he (b) thrives upon't, although I try
All ſhifts for to evade's *Vbiquity*.
Now with ſome friends I taſt of (c) *Liber's* wealth,
And drink the Poets (d) *Nonade* to your health.
Then with *Diana* in the woods I chear
My (e) hounds in eager chace of *Fox*, or *Deer*.
Yet all in vain, my heart doth ſtill reſent
Thoſe fires your abſence will, I fear, (f) augment.
Though had I kept them (g) ſecret they might then
Have had the honour to have (h) greater been.

(a) Spes eſt quæ capiat, ſpes eſt quæ paſcat amorẽ *Ov: Met: 9.*
(b) Quoq; minor ſpes eſt hoc magis ille capit. *Id: Faſt: 2.*
Iphis amat qua poſſe frui deſperat, & auget
Hoc ipſum flammas —— *Id: Metam: 9.* (*El: 15*
(c) Tu potes inſanæ veneris compeſcere faſtus, &c *Prop: 3.*
Sæpe tuo cecidit munere victus amor. *Tibul: lib: 3. El: 6.*
(d) Qui muſas amat impares
Ternos ter cyathos attonitus petet
Vates —— *Hor: Carm: 3. Od: 19.*
(e) Vel tu venandi ſtudium cole, ſæpe receſſit
Turpiter a Phœbi victa ſorore Venus. *Ovid: Rem: Am: 1:*
(f) Phillida Demophoon præſens moderatius uſſit.
Exarſit velis acrius illa datis. *Id: Art: Amat: 2.*
(g) Occulte ſi quis amavit, amet. *Id: Triſt: 3. El: 4.*
(h) Omnis amor magnus, ſed aperto in conjuge major,
Hanc Venus, ut vivat, ventilat ipſa facem. *Prop: 4. El: 3.*

But

But curſed *Anteloquia*, whoſe tongue
Firſt did your matchleſs innocence that wrong,
Was made a (*a*) third, and cheated by her (*b*) tears
My hopes of their increaſe are turn'd to fears.
For which may all thoſe miſerable evils
That ever were contriv'd by *Duns* or Devils
Light on her: Or, what's worſe, O let her be
Full as unhappy as ſhe hath made me.
Now, through my fancy's opticks I perceive
The *Trinobantine* Virgins take their leave:
With what unwillingneſs they ſtrive to ſpell
The parting lover's *Shibboleth* farewell.
Such as thoſe matrons valedict'on, when
Pompey's (*c*) *Cornelia* left *Mitylene*.
And reaſon good, we by your abſence have
Loſt more of happineſs than e'er you gave.
For of all bad conditions his ſtate
Is the moſt wretched who was fortunate.
How bleſt, if their own happineſs they knew,
Were thoſe *Icenians* enjoying you!
Whoſe preſence onely's able to exclude,
From the moſt wildring deſart ſolitude.

(*a*) Make privy to your dealing as few as you may,
For three may keep a counſel if twain be away. *Chau: fo*: 323
(*b*) ——— An & hæ ſimulare docentur?
Hæ quoq; habent artes, quaq; jubentur eunt. *Ov: Heroid*: 2.
(*c*) ——— Quam vix ſi caſtra mariti
Victoris peteret, ſiccis dimittere matres
Jam poterant oculis; tanto devinxit amore
Hos pudor, hos probitas, caſtiq; modeſtia vultus. *Luc: Ph*: 8:

And now to *Norwich* ſhall this glory add
To reinſtate her in the place ſhe (*a*) had:
Uſurping *Briſtow* from her throne detrude,
And ſeat her third of the firſt magnitude.
Nay, what devotion old Bards expreſs'd
In ſtanding with their faces tow'rds the Weſt
'Cauſe the *Canary* Iſles, which by them were
So memoriz'd, are ſcituated there.
Such and farre more to her ſhall moderns ſhew
That's made more *fortunate* than (*b*) they by you.
And with what Saint muſt that place be poſſeſt
That makes the Poet thus to turne a Prieſt?
But may you not yet prove what ſome ſuſpect,
Unleſs in the *Norfolc'an Dialect*,
A mother there; and ſo ſeem to beguile's
In your retirement with their famous *Wyles*.
Your pardon, Madam, if my love offends,
Which mine, as well as others, faith tranſcends.
'Tis not the ſhrine, though chief in nature's ſtore,
It is the Saint that I ſo much adore.
Which I hope ſtill I may, in ſpite of *Fame*,
Without a *Catachreſis* terme the ſame.

(*a*) Tertia inſignis civitas appellatur Norvick, &c. *Munſt: Geog.* 2. Though Heylin and other our moderne Chorographers interpoſe *Briſtow* betwixt *York* and *Norwich* and reckon her as *Drayton* doth, *Polyolb: Song* 20.

With Towns of high'ſt account the fourth of all the land.

(*b*) Quæ olim fortunatæ fuerunt dictæ ob nimiam earum fertilitatem. *Munſt: Geog:* 6.

'Tis

Tis true were chaſtity intail'd upon
Deformed perſons by ſucceſſion,
Whereby all thoſe that would be perfect Nuns
Muſt be as ugly as th' *Colanians*;
Perhaps I then might think thoſe cenſures true
Which malice hath ſo often caſt on you:
But now I muſt regard their words no more
Then you did my neglected flames before.
Thoſe flames which have confuted all that thought
You had no other beauty than you bought.
For, though *Parrhaſius* his cloath might be
Exact enough to cheat a *Zeuxis* eye
As much as did his painted Grapes the birds,
Of ſuch a thing no hiſtory affords
A preſident; *Apelles* ne'er could turne
A painted fire ſo right to make it burne.
So that I cannot yet deny, what's due
From all unto (*a*) formoſity and you,
A good opinion, although I know
Thoſe many ſnares that (*b*) place ſubjects you to.

(*a*) Licet concupiſcentiæ amore puella pulchra amari magis quam turpis deſideret; vi tamen Naturæ, quæ complexio eſt temperantior, continentior atque moratior erit. *Aug: Niphi* de *Pulch: Cap:* 59.

(*b*) —Cuneis an habent ſpectacula totis
Quod ſecurus ames quodq; inde excerpere poſſis? *Fu:ſat:* 6.
Primus ſollicitos feciſti Romule ludos,
Cum juvit viduos rapta ſabina viros. &c.
Scilicet ex illo ſolennia more theatra
Nunc quoq; formoſis inſidioſa manent. *Ov: Art: Amat:* 1.

For, by the aide of your chaſt *(a)* ſoul, you ſcorne
All their aſſaults whether by mine or ſtorme.
And, while ſome tugg at little *Rumwald*'s ſhrine,
And others *Wilfrid's* needle think too fine
Becauſe they cannot thred it, you defye
All theſe *Criterions* of chaſtity.
And, when you enter *Hymen's* bonds, and ſo
Shall have a *Joynture* of a double *(b)* woe,
Should he be blind again, I dare aſſure
Pheron might here obtain a ſecond cure.
Nor need you fear the *(c)* *Stork*, nor to try all
Your iſſue by the *(d)* *Pſylline Ordeal.*
No, thither you remove to ſhun this noiſe,
And taſt the ſweetneſs of retired joyes:
Secure in innocence to hate and pitty
The toyl and croud of this unweildy city.
Whil'ſt we the Orphan Theatre frequent,
Depriv'd o'th' patronage your beauty lent.
Better than that which once love would not let
Ovid, Maugre his exile, to *(e)* forget,

(*a*) Αγνεῖαι ψυχῆς τοῦ σώματός εἰσι καθαρμοὶ. *Phocyl: in Nov.*
(*b*) Væ nobis inquit conjux, at væ mihi cœlebs,
Væ noſtrum ſimplex ergo tuumq; duplex. *Aud: l: 1 Ep: 132.*
(*c*) The Storke wreker of Advoutrie *Chauc: fol: 235.*
(*d*) ——— In terram parvus cum decidit infans,
Ne qua ſit externæ Veneris miſtura timentes,
Lætifica dubios explorant aſpide partus. *Luc: Pharſ: 9.*
(*e*) Eque domo rurſus pulchræ loca vertor ad urbis,
Cunctaq; mens oculis prævidet illa ſuis; *(Pont: 1. El 8.*
Nunc fora, nunc ædes, nunc marmore tecta theatra. *Ov. de*

'Cauſe

'Cauſe from obſcenity reform'd; although
Our *Z*ealots think it not reform'd enough.
They threaten't with a thorow reformation
Taken according to the laſt tranſlation.
And how that verſion did change the ſenſe
Some of our Churches too much evidence.
Thus doth the *Ignis fatuus* delude
That (*a*) many headed beaſt the multitude.
So have I ſeen a Monkey break a glaſs
Becauſe it did reflect his ugly face.
But there you are exempt, and uncontrol'd
May laugh at th' dotage of this aged world;
And in thoſe (*b*) Aſhen groves theſe fools lament
That realize what you did repreſent.
O may the *Marſhland baily* ne'er arreſt you,
Nor any other malady moleſt you.
But may your life, and that long, alwaies be
As free from ſorrow as diſhoneſty.
So wiſheth he who hopes in time to prove
His verſe is farre inferiour to's love.

(*a*) Bellua multorum es capitum—— *Hor: lib:* 1. *Epiſt:* 1.
(*b*) Norvico veteri locus eſt conterminus urbi
Montoſus, multis umbroſis conſitus ornis. *Oc: Angl: Prol:* 2.

To Janus.

Upon the new year.

REview old *Janus* with thy backward face
All paſt years by time's footſteps thou can'ſt trace

Search his dull mouldy *Annals*, try to find
An year like this which thou haſt left behind.
Such grand remarques as *Phœbus* ne'r did ſee
Since he and's Siſter ſlept in (*a*) *Chaos* thee.
At the laſt Seſſion when all the Gods
Were ſummon'd, *Love*, and *Hymen* were at odds
About a buſineſs then mov'd; which jars
Alarm'd to theſe much more that civill wars,
Scarce to be reconcil'd; I wiſh that wine
Were not the cauſe and ſo the Trumpet (*b*) thine.
But they're reſolv'd, although againſt her will,
Dunmow ſhall keep her ſtinking *Bacon* ſtill.
Whil'ſt I, ſupported on mine either hand
By hope and pat'ence climbe an (*c*) hill of ſand.
And now thou Turn-key to the (*d*) Univerſe,
Who do'ſt with thy al-ſceing eye diſperſe
The miſts of ignorance, (If o'er the fates
Thou haſt that pow'r as o'er (*e*) *Olympus* gates)
See if in their *Decretals* thou can'ſt find
An end unto this am'rous war aſſign'd.

(*a*) Me Chaos antiqui (nam res ſum priſca) vocabant,
Adſpice quam longi temporis acta canam. *Ovid: Faſt:* 1.
(*b*) Some Mythologiſts give the etymon of Janus from [illegible] *wine*; becauſe, as *Noah*, he taught men the uſe thereof.
(*c*) Sicut aſcenſus arenoſus in pedibus veterani, ſic mulier linguata homini quieto. *Siracides. Cap:* 25.
(*d*) Quicquid ubiq; vides, cœlum, mare, nubila, terras,
Omnia ſunt noſtro clauſa patentq; manu. *Ov: Faſt:* 1.
(*e*) Præſideo foribus cœli cum mitibus horis,
It redit officio Jupiter ipſe meo. *Idem: Ibid:*

And

And when *Portumnus* thou do'ſt next ſurvey
Thy Kingdome ſcituate ith' *Belgick* ſea,
Before the reſt let my beloved *Tar*
Receive a pledge of thy pecul'ar care.
Upon whoſe happy banks there doth reſide
Auguſta's loſs, and the *Icen'an* pride
My *Amaranta*, whom perhaps thou may'ſt
Encounter walking on the marine waſt.
Going to ſee the wanton *Nereids* keep
Their *Revels* in the curled *German* deep.
If ſo, ſollicite her to grant a truce,
And let my heart, her long ſince captive, looſe.
If ſhe deny't (but ſpeak as ſuppl'ants uſe)
Get thy beloved *Carna* to infuſe
Some of her principles, her name alone
Apply'd can make her verify her (*a*) owne
And 'twixt theſe Gods a moderator be
To reconcile their dire hoſtility;
To which if ſhe a per'ode pleaſe to put,
Tell her ſhe muſt *Love's Janus-Temple* ſhut.

(*a*) *Anna Heb.* חַנָּה. Gratioſa, ſive miſericors, aut requieſcens, vel donans. *Stephanus* in *Etymolog.*

Satyricon.

PEace teſty dotard, wilt thou ſtill diſpence
The ruſty rules of thy experience?
Thy Axioms to us but onely be
True ſigns of thy deceptibility. For

For thou didſt once as much approve what now
Thou ſeem'ſt to us ſo much to diſallow.
So that thy errour's plain, for it would be,
Monſtrous ſhould *contradictorys* agree.
And is't not reaſon we ſhould now ſuſpect
The *Organs* of thy purblnd *Intellect*.
A conſtant ſymptome of that (*a*) malady
Which bends thee with its (*b*) ponderoſity.
Goe to the Earth, wherto thou tend'ſt, and ſee
That Mans'on which muſt hold thy droſs and thee.
For ye will never part while thou'rt alive,
If when thou'rt dead, a man as well may ſtrive
To wean the *Steel* from th' *Agat* as to hold
Thee from th' embraces of thy God thy Gold,
Which ſtil is worſhip'd though there's nought whereby
To prove the cuſtome but the (*c*) frequency.
Such a *magnetick* virtu's in that bed
To which thou'd'ſt have thy ſons too married.
Notor'ous blindneſs to have *Cupid* be
Guided by *Fortune* who's as blind as he.
But what talk I of *Cupid* now? his bow,
Alaſs was broken many years agoe.
There's no ſuch thing as love remains, thoſe darts
Which wound the hardeſt adamantine hearts.

(*a*) Senectus ipſa eſt morbus—— *Ter: Phorm: Act: 4. Scen: 1.*
(*b*) *Syr.* Nequeo me caſter, tantum eſt oneris quod fero.
Dor. Quid oneris? *Syr.* Annos octoginta & quatuor. *Pla:*
(*c*)——Virium commune omnium eſt *(Mer: Ac: 4 S: 1.*
Quod minimum ad rem in ſenecta attenti ſumus.
Ter: Adelph: Act: 5. Scen: 8.

The

The dowry (*a*) throws, and nothing's thought ſo bad
As that good Statute which (*b*) *Lycurgus* made.
O! what egreg'ous cow'rdiſe 'tis to be
Led captive by ſo weak an enemy!
Poor feeble bloodleſs trunk, where haſt thou loſt
Thoſe brave heroick ſtreams which thou did'ſt boaſt
Ran in thy veins? Was't ſome Romantick ſtrayn
Drew that *Chimœra* from thy tow'ring brain?
I think ſo too, Nobility's nought elſe
But a meer name created by our ſelves.
But ſuch a wench deſerves not ſuch a Lord
Becauſe her ruſtick birth cannot afford
Enough *Eaſterling* thouſands for to be
A counterpoize to his nobility.
Yet this is no *embargo* to his courſe,
Though't be a common Aphoriſme, the ſource
Of whoſe affection is true love, a mint
That hath a mixture o'th' *Platonick* in't.
That man's pretended ardour's but deſire
Which needs ſuch fuel to maintain his fire.
And who would ſtand upon this word call'd birth?
Heroick ſouls oft' lodge in humble earth.

(*a*) ——Veniunt a dote ſagittæ. *Juv: Sat: 6.*
(*b*) Virgines ſine dote nubere juſſit, ut uxores non pecuniæ cauſa eligerent: r, ſeveriuſque matrimonia ſua viri coercerent, cum nullis frænis dotis tenerentur. *Muſſi: Geog: 4.*

Si Natura negat facit indignatio verſum
Qualemcunque poteſt——*Juv. Sat. 1.*

A Map of the World.

THis World's a *Theatre* whereon are acted
Blind *Fortune*'s plays;
And 'tis ſo commodiouſly compacted
It ſerves alwayes:
Sometimes ſhe repreſents a *Tragick* ſcene
Then party ones;
And then inſtead of *Coruſes* between
Chants *Comick* tones:
Thus by viciſſitudes her wheel alwayes
Degrades and elevates what ſpoakes ſhe pleaſe.

Juſt now ſhe'll throw a man into the aire
Of pop'lar breath;
Then let him fall into the hell deſpair
And tempt his death:
Nay I obſerve thoſe Dung-bred *ſcarabyes*
Which hate the light,
Hov'ring upon her wings aloofe i'th' Skyes
Ere it be night:
So blind is *Plutus* who promoting *Braves*
Dooms more deſerving ones to be their ſlaves.

Here goes a *Gallant* hurr'ed on before's
In *Fortunes* lap,
Who talks of nothing but his hounds or whores,
Or elſe a clap:

At laſt he doth repent, when 'tis too late,
That e'er he ſee one;
When they have brought him to the curriſh fate
Of poor *Acteon.*
So *Phœbus* paſſing the Merid'an line
Admits no *Remora* but muſt decline.

There *runs* a *Poet* that's in need of Money
And ſo purſues him,
Begging for *Patronage* and *Patrimony*
Though he abuſe him:
Yet ſtill his fancy domineers in ſpite
And cares not for her,
But flouts at *Fortune*'s fooliſh favorites
Who thus adore her.
And that's the reaſon why this purblind whore
Hath Poets doom'd inevitably poor.

Walk o'er the forked hill, I doe not think
There is one there
But out of th' *horſe*'s footing uſed to drink
For want beere.
They'll ſing thy praiſe in hope to gain thereby
Exchange for verſe;
Like thoſe that waiting on the *Chilterne* lye
For paſſengers.
And when thou do'ſt returne thoul't ſay, I know it,
The way to begg'ry's to be firſt a Poet.

Here

Here ſails a *Merchant* with an eager chaſe
Purſuing wealth;
Who, ſo that he can ſtow it up a pace
Scornes eaſe or health:
Through ſtormy ſeas to both the *Indies* flyes
To fetch home's wares,
And when his *Cue* of *Exit* comes he dyes,
And leaves it's heirs.
And they in recompence will let him ly
Perhaps within a tomb of *Porphyrie*.

There walks a plodding *Student* beating's brains
About a notion,
Another ſtands muſing on lofty ſtrains
Of Elocution;
A third conſumes his oyl and wealth to dive
Hermetick myſteries,
Till at the laſt perhaps he doth perceive
His groſs ſimplicities,
For the moſt learned onely come to know
After all's done that they are nothing ſo.

Here wades a *Farmer* wearing time and leather
To fill his barnes,
Drives on regarding neither wind nor weather
Nor Nocturne harmes;
Goes to bed late, and antedates the day
To look his ſheep,
Where if he miſſeth one that's gone aſtray
He cannot ſleep;

And

And after all his breath and labour's ſpent
Death tells him he muſt leave his tenement.

There ſits a *Miſer* hugging of his cheſt
Full fraught with treaſure,
Who for anxiety can't take his reſt
Nor any pleaſure;
But as he's caſting up's accounts Death comes
And finds him ſet
And tells him he muſt loſe his ill-gott' ſums,
Pay *Nature's* debt,
And leave what he on Uſury hath lent
Unto his heyrs to be profuſely ſpent.

Here lyes a *Sould'er* clap in maſſy ſteel
Upon the ground
Who, when he wakes, for numneſs cannot feel
His deepeſt wound;
Then up he gets and tœd'ous march aſſumes
To meet his foes,
Where he perhaps may get ſome coſtly plumes
Or elſe he goes
To bed with's fathers; Thus men ſtrive to have
A toylſome life or honourable grave.

Such is this World which we may well compare
Unto a bubble,
Where ev'ry one that comes takes pains and care
To purchaſe trouble,

Thinking

Thinking perhaps it will eternize them,
I can't tell why,
Though they live *Neſtor* or *Methuſalem*
Yet they muſt dye.
And after th' revolut'on of few yeares
Are quite forgot'as if they never were.

Thus we are ſent upon this ſpac'ous ſtage
To act our parts,
Some goe off *Mutes*, others ſigh out an age
In ach and ſmarts.
The Earth is our *Proſcenium* where we
Tire and retire,
(a) *Wherefore than th' living happy'r they that be*
Long ſince expir'd,
And than them both ſuch as have never been
Nor theſe innumerable evills ſeen.

(a) Laudabam primum ego mortuos ipſos qui jam ſunt mortui præ vivis qui vivant adhuc: Sed melior poſtea utriſque viſus eſt qui adhuc non fuit, qui non vidit malum iſtud peſſimum quod ſit ſub ſole. *Solom. Eccleſ. Cap.* 3. *V.* 24, 25.

FINIS.